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SYNOPSIS.

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CHAPTER II.—Stuyvesant discovers that the woman is the daughter of Col. Brent. He has an encounter with a drunken recruit, Murray, who swears revenge. Early next morning the old recruit car is discovered on fire, caused by heating of journal boxes, and the soldiers barely escape with their lives. Stuyvesant helps rescue Murray, but is severely burned. Miss Ray helps tend the injured, including Stuyvesant. Foster, although injured, declares he is in need of no aid.

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CHAPTER VI.—Miss Ray, with her mother, comes to San Francisco, but Stuyvesant, although very anxious, has not the pleasure of meeting her. Lieut. Ray, who is visiting them, tells Stuyvesant that word that prisoners under his charge have escaped and his quarters have been robbed. When transport on which Stuyvesant was leaving harbor he, with party of officers, boards a ship bound for Manila. He is introduced to Stuyvesant, and he expresses hope of meeting him again when he returns from Manila. She smilingly answers: "I think you may see me before that."

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CHAPTER XIV.—That night the sentries, softly heeled by a wailing old moon, were on the look-out everywhere among the suburbs for two malefactors distinctly differing in type, yet equally in demand. One, said the descriptions, was a burly, thick-set, somewhat slouching American, in clothing of the sailor-slop-shop variety, a man of five feet six and thirty years, though he might be much younger; a coarse-featured, heavy-bearded man, with gray eyes, generally blear, and one front tooth gone, leaving a gap in the upper jaw next the canine, which was fang-like, yellow and prominent; a man with harsh voice and surly ways; a man known as Sackett among seamen and certain civilians who probably had made their way to Manila in the hopes of picking up an easy living; a man wanted as Murray among soldiers for a deserter, jail-bird and thief.

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It seems that soon after dark that evening Mrs. Brent and Miss Porter had seen Maudie comfortably bedded in the big, broad, cane-bottomed bed in her airy room, and had left her to all appearances sleeping placidly towards eight o'clock, and then gone out to dinner. Whatever the cause of her agitation on receiving at Brent's hands the little card photograph of herself, it had subsided after a brief, low-toned conference with Sandy, who quickly came and speedily hastened away, and a later visit from Dr. Frank, whose pained, imperturbable, fearful ways were in themselves well-nigh as soothing as the orange-flower water prescribed for her. Even the little night-light, floating in its glass, had been extinguished when the ladies left her.

The room assigned to Marion was at the northwest corner of the house. It was a small room, with a window looking out upon the garden. The west window was open, and the night breeze was blowing in.

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Now one-half of that vista was shut off by the massive door, the other was unobscured, but even as with beating heart, still as a trembling mouse, she sat and gazed, something gilded slowly, stealthily, noiselessly between her and those betraying lights, something dark, dim and human, for the shape was that of a man, a native, as she knew by the stiffly brushed-up hair above the forehead, the loosely falling shirt—native tailor than any of their household servants—a native without sound and we went 295 feet. When we got down we lighted our miner's lamps and viewed every department of this underground workshop. For indeed it is a workshop in which there are about 30 men busy at work. Some drilling holes in which to place fuses to blast out the lead, some loading and sending car-loads of the ore to the surface, and still others digging and breaking up the larger lumps of this valuable metal.

To see the different kinds of machinery in use, the network of railroad tracks and the massive natural columns 25 or 30 feet in diameter scattered over the entire underground cavern is simply wonderful.

One would suppose that fresh air would be scarce down there but it is not. It is conveyed all over the underground excavation by means of air-pipes which supply a constant supply of fresh air from the compressure above ground. The ore found in this shaft is almost pure lead.

Before leaving Esther last Wednesday morning we visited the pump house. This house is located about 1 1/2 miles from the Columbia shaft. The water is forced up forty feet from Flat river, then it is forced up an incline of several feet this 1 1/2 mile and then it is again forced straight up twenty feet into a large tank at the shaft. Thus it can be seen that it must take a powerful pump to do this work. This pump is operated by A. J. Thomas, who ran the ice plant at Jackson for one season.

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Columbia Mines.

While in Esther, St. Francois county, last week we had the pleasure of visiting the underground work of Columbia mines No. 2. About 7:30 o'clock Tuesday evening after seeing our old friend, Capt. Phil. Smith, and getting permission to go underground, we prepared to descend.

Rigged up in the captain's coat, little Bill Golden's pants, and a friend's cap, we, in company with Sam Lusk, underground railroad, mounted the cage and down we went 295 feet. When we got down we lighted our miner's lamps and viewed every department of this underground workshop. For indeed it is a workshop in which there are about 30 men busy at work. Some drilling holes in which to place fuses to blast out the lead, some loading and sending car-loads of the ore to the surface, and still others digging and breaking up the larger lumps of this valuable metal.

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"I had long suffered from indigestion," writes G. A. LeDeis, Cedar City, Mo., "like others I tried many preparations but never found anything that did me good until I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. One bottle cured me. A friend who had suffered similarly I put on the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. He is gaining fast and will soon be able to work. Before he used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in digestion had made him a total wreck. H. L. Jones.

The business men of Jackson can furnish their patrons with no better souvenir than a nice calendar for 1902. The HERALD has them. Give us your order.

Three negro women, Emma Nicholls, Adalina Clark and another, were arrested by the city marshal last Friday on charge of disturbing the peace and placed in the calaboose. That night at a late hour a small mob of young men, presumably, forced the door of the city bastille and removed the women therefrom, taking them to the outskirts of town and there subjecting them to a most brutal whipping. It is said that ten rawhide whips were worn out on the women. They were then warned to leave Charleston forever, and were left to make their way elsewhere as best they could in their crippled bleeding condition. The negroes are now at Cairo, and have sent word that they are able to identify most of the fellows who took part in the proceeding, but it is not likely that the authorities here will care to make an inquiry. Nevertheless, public opinion does not approve of any such method of ridding the town of undesirable characters.—Charleston Enterprise.

Lewis Ockerman, Goshen, Ind., "Do Witt's Little Early Risers never bend me double like other pills, but do their work thoroughly and make me feel like a boy. Certain, thorough, gentle. H. L. Jones.

Smallpox has begun to make its appearance in various parts of the county. It seems to be the general opinion with the medical fraternity that this disease will be fully as prevalent this winter as it has been for several years. Whether it will be of a milder type or of the more virulent kind, of course, cannot be determined, but if the weatherwise, who predict a hard winter, do not find themselves mistaken, as usual, there seems to be reason for the belief that the severe type will prevail.—Charleston Enterprise.

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Southeast Missouri News.

Charleston now has a long distance telephone.

The Southeast Missouri Medical association meets at Farmington, October 15, 16 and 17.

The St. Francois County Electric Railroad company has increased its capital stock from \$50,000 to \$150,000.

The case of the Southern Missouri railroad crossing the Bonne Terre railroad is in the hands of three commissioners.

There were several new candidates initiated in the A. O. U. W. lodge at Lutesville September 30. After the initiation a fine supper was spread and all had a good time.

The managers of the Caruthersville fair, which begins October 15, have honored us with a season ticket. We acknowledge receipt of same and extend to them our thanks.

Marshal Foley, of East Prairie, killed a man by the name of Ike English, a farmer. English refused to leave town, and advanced toward the officer when the officer shot him.

Attorney Edw. D. Hays, at one time principal of our public school, now located in Jackson, paid us a visit Monday, en route to Point Pleasant on a business mission.—New Madrid Record.

The public school building at Morehouse is too small to accommodate the pupils and as no additional buildings can be rented the board suggested that part of the pupils attend in the morning and the rest in the afternoon. The town will be asked next spring to bond itself to build an 8-room school building.

In Stoddard county, Ivory Strop, while out hunting last week cut a tree for a con, and when the tree began to fall he stepped back, the tree jumped backwards off of the stump, caught his leg and completely tore his foot off just above the ankle. He was carried home and a party went back to the tree and dug out his foot. Drs. Burton and Phillips were called at once and amputated his leg below the knee.—Dunklin Democrat.

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Three negro women, Emma Nicholls, Adalina Clark and another, were arrested by the city marshal last Friday on charge of disturbing the peace and placed in the calaboose. That night at a late hour a small mob of young men, presumably, forced the door of the city bastille and removed the women therefrom, taking them to the outskirts of town and there subjecting them to a most brutal whipping. It is said that ten rawhide whips were worn out on the women. They were then warned to leave Charleston forever, and were left to make their way elsewhere as best they could in their crippled bleeding condition. The negroes are now at Cairo, and have sent word that they are able to identify most of the fellows who took part in the proceeding, but it is not likely that the authorities here will care to make an inquiry. Nevertheless, public opinion does not approve of any such method of ridding the town of undesirable characters.—Charleston Enterprise.

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